

# Machine

## Beangrowers

My eyes are bifocal, my hands are sub jointed  
I live in the future in my pre-war apartment  
And I count all my blessings, I have friends in high places  
And I'm upgraded daily, all my wires without traces  
Hooked into machine, hooked into machine  
Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into  
Hooked into machine, hooked into machine  
Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into machine  
I collect my moments into a correspondence  
With a mightier power who just lacks my perspectives  
And who lacks my organics and who covets my defects  
  
And I'm downloaded daily, I am part of a composite  
Hooked into machine, hooked into machine  
Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into  
Hooked into machine, hooked into machine  
Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into machine  
Everything's provided, consummate consumer  
Part of worldly taking, apart from worldly troubles  
Living in your pre-war apartment, soon to be your post-war apartment  
And you live in the future and the future, it's here, it's bright, it's now

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